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Bannatyne Club Catalogue No. 44

87715

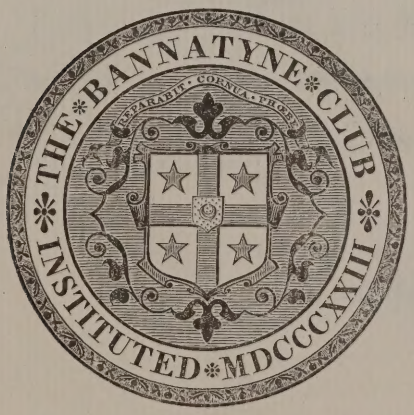
COLLECTION

OF

ANCIENT SCOTTISH PROPHECIES,

IN ALLITERATIVE VERSE:

REPRINTED FROM WALDEGRAVE'S EDITION,
M.DC.III.



EDINBURGH:
PRINTED BY BALLANTYNE AND CO.
M.DCCC.XXXIII.

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At a Meeting of the Committee of Management of the Bannatyne Club, held at Edinburgh, May 27, 1833.

The Committee having under their consideration the Sheets of "The Whole Prophesie of Scotland, England," &c., which has been reprinted from the original edition by Waldegrave, 1603, in the Anstruther Collection, and collated with that by Hart, 1615, in the Library of their late President, Resolved, That the same shall be forthwith completed, and circulated among the Members of the Club.

D. LAING, *Secretary.*

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M.DCCC.XXXIII.

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THE VEN. ARCHDEACON WRANGHAM.

It seems difficult for any one, at the present day, to be fully aware of that degree of fond credulity with which, at a period even within the last century, certain political prophecies were regarded and cherished by the partisans of opposite factions in this country, which the least instructed peasants of a later age would probably treat with contempt and derision. The name of Thomas of Ercildoune, or The Rhymer, was then familiar to his countrymen only as that of a gifted seer, to whom the remote destinies of the Scottish Monarchy had been disclosed, and in whose supposititious vaticinations their feverish hopes or fears found encouragement or relief. No doubt can be entertained that the obscure and almost unintelligible rhymes which then passed current under his name, and under the names of Merlin, Bede, Berlington, and various other soothsayers, must have been fabricated at a period comparatively recent. To the late Lord Hailes we are indebted for the first, and still the only attempt to subject them to the ordeal of historical criticism; and his ingenious and successful exposure of a small

portion of these impostures, may be safely enough regarded as superseding all farther discussion on their claims to popular belief.

" Perhaps it may be thought," says Lord Hailes, " that I have bestowed unnecessary pains in discrediting the popular predictions ascribed to Thomas the Rhymer. Let it, however, be considered that the name of Thomas the Rhymer is not forgotten in Scotland, nor his authority altogether slighted even at this day. Within the memory of man, his prophecies, and the prophecies of other Scottish soothsayers, have not only been reprinted, but have been consulted with a weak, if not criminal curiosity. I mention not particulars; for I hold it ungenerous to reproach men with weaknesses of which they themselves are ashamed. The same superstitious credulity might again spring up. I flatter myself that my attempt to eradicate it will not prove altogether vain. Be this as it will, in endeavouring to expose forgeries, I endeavour to maintain the cause of truth." [1]

The edition of the Scottish and other Prophecies on which Lord Hailes deigned to bestow his ingenious and elaborate criticism, was that printed at Edinburgh by Andro Hart, in the year 1615. This, which is a volume of extremely rare occurrence, was then,

[1] Remarks on the History of Scotland, Chap. III.—Edin. 1773.

among intelligent bibliographers, believed to have been the earliest publication of the work; but it is now ascertained that it had been "printed by Robert Waldegrave, printer to the King's most excellent Majesty, *anno* 1603;" and a copy of this, probably the first edition, having been lately brought into notice at the sale of an old family library, it has been deemed a literary curiosity deserving of preservation in an exact reprint. In orthography, and some other minute particulars, it differs from the later edition of 1615; and of these variations, a list will be found at the end of the volume.[1] No less than twelve later editions, printed between the years 1680 and 1746, have been inspected, and appear to be merely servile and not very accurate copies, of no intrinsic value, and undeserving of minute collation.[2]

As specimens of literary composition, the contents of this volume have but slender claims to regard; but to those who are curious in tracing the under-currents of political faction in the sixteenth

[1] Another copy of this Edition of 1603 occurred at the sale of the late Mr Nassau's Library, and was purchased, it is understood, for the Collection of Richard Heber, Esq.

[2] The copy of the Edition 1615, employed for this collation, is that preserved in the rich and curious Library at Abbotsford. In Bagford's MS. Collections regarding Printing, there is a notice of an edition of the Prophecies, "Printed at Edinburgh by the heires of Andrew Hart, 1625."

century, and who have sufficient skill and patience to follow in the track of our greatest modern annalist in detecting the sources of antiquated delusion, the genuine text now presented to them cannot fail to be acceptable.

THE WHOLE PRO-
PHESIE

of Scotland, England, & ſome-
part of France, and Denmark, Pro-
pheſied bee meruellous Merling,
Beid, Bertlingtoun, Thomas Rymour,
Waldhaue, Eltraine, Baneſter,
and Sibbilla, all according in
one. Containing ma-
ny ſtrange and meruе-
lous things.

Printed by Robert VValde-
graue, Printer to the Kings
moſt Excellent Majeſtie.
Anno. 1603.

MErling saies in his booke who will reade right,
Althoght his sayings be vncouth, they shalbe
In the vij. Chap. reade who so will, (true found,
One thousand and more after Christes birth,
When the Calnalider of Cornwell is called
And the Wolfe out of Wailes is vincust for ay,
Then many ferlie shall fall, and many folke die,
Many selcouth shal be seene in all Christen landes
In the Moone and the sea, and signes of the Sonne,
And in all Plannets plainelie that appeares in the sky.
Then shall the Lyon be best in the broad North,
And an fellowne flaw shal fall soone after,
And a sheeding of blood within short time
Both the Moone and the Wernis, great dule shal make,
And al War shall-murne many daies after,
The great Beare with his tuskes the feild shal tyne
A fel showre of the South shal faid him for euer,
And that Leid shal his life lose in another land.
Then shal a Freik be fostered farre in the South
And to the kyth shal he goe that he come from
With much wealth and worship shal he goe home
And inhabite Albanie vnto the end,
Both the Iles and Arane at his owne will
Many men shal laugh when he home comes.
But much selcouth shal be seene within short time
at his owne kinde blood, there shal he begin,
Choose of the cheifest, and chop of there heads,
Some harled in sleddes, and hanged on hie
Some put in prison, and much paine byde.
The Crab shal be out of his clift a long time
With vnkinde blood, and yet shal recouer
and other beirnes in whole banisht for euer

Couetice ſhall be his name, the King of that kith,
For both his hart and his head ſhall be of flint forged,
No Lord ſhall liue in that land but him ſelf alone,
But they are hzeued in bill, to keepe them in baill,
Yet ſhall a man of more vaile mar him for euer,
For ſuddenly he ſhall goe downe, and die in a fen,
Their ſhall no King come in that kith for a lang time
But a figure of a floure, the faireſt in the firth,
The white floure and the reid ſo ſhall he be called.
In the mouth of Arrane an ſelcouth ſhall fall,
Two bloodie harts ſhall be taken with a falſe traine,
And derfly dung downe without any dome,
Ireland, Orknay, and other lands manie,
For the deth of thoſe two great dule ſhall make,
Then much ſorrow is ſeene within vij. yeares,
Both the Crab and the Cok, they ſhall eſcape,
For more harme at that time ſhall they not haue,
When the Rauen roupes, many man ſhall rue,
From Cornewel to Caithnes they ſhall his crie heare,
When the Gled in his clift is clime to the height,
He counts not the Lyon that is his kind Lord,
Then the Graip would gouerne all, & gapes thereafter
With great guifts of Gold, the floure would he get,
Come he once in his clookes, he cowers it neuer,
Then would a poore Catiue be keeper of the Kith,
Yet ſhall it faile the freit, that the foole thinkes,
When the Cok crowes keepe well his come,
For the Fore and the Fulmart, they are falſe both,
When the Rauen and the Ruke, hes rounded together
And the Kid in his clift, ſhall accord to the ſame,
Then ſhall they be bolde, and ſoone to baile after,
Then ſhal the Buck in belling time make a great beare,

It

Jt is but winde that he wastes foꝛ he is but away.
Then shal waken vp a weere, and much woe after
When the Birdes of the Rauen rugges and reaues,
And the leil men of Louthiane be loppen on their hoꝛse
Then shal the pooꝛe people be spoyled ful neir,
And the Yers shal murne many dayes after
And al the Abbais truely that stands on Tweede,
And al Louthiane shal liue on their liues anter
They shal burne and slay and great reiffes maks
Their dare no pure man say whose man he is
Then shal the land be lawles foꝛ loue is their none
And falset shal haue foote fullie fiue yeares,
And truth truly shal be tint and none shal trust other
The cooling once shal not trust the other
Nor the Son the Father noꝛ the Father the Son
Foꝛ to haue his goods he would haue him hangd
Then shal they a counsel cal foꝛ peace of the Kith,
To make loue among Loꝛds but that shal not last,
Foꝛ those Barrones and Bachelers that wil not obey
That wil not keepe to their crie, noꝛ come to their call
Then shal men be marked foꝛ their misdeedes
that shal turne them to teine within a while after,
Fra xiiij. be past and twise thꝛee the thꝛeepe is at end
And ouer a water he shal faire and see foꝛ him self
And in a faire Forrest shal an Ern big
Many man shal losse their life in the meane time
Foꝛ they shal pitch a field and feirslie fight
Upon a bꝛoade mooꝛe a battle shal bꝛ
Beside a stock Croce, that standes in the Noꝛth,
Jt is couered with dead Coꝛpes and al of a Kith
that the Crow may not know where the Croce stoode
The Wolfe shal be watchman and keepe many wayes

and ſhal be leil to the Lyon his owne kinde Lord
Holy Church is combered with the beſt of the kith
With languages that liues not by Chriſt, but that ſhal
Frō Balcomie to the Baſſe on the broad ſey, (not laſt
and from Ireland in the Forth ſhal be a faire ſight,
Of Barges and Bellingers, and many broad ſaile,
With iij. Libberds & the Flowerdeluce faire vpō hight
Then ſhal a Hunter in hy come forth of the South,
With many Ratches in row rewled full right,
and ſhal goe one his foote ouer the water of Forth,
and in Fyfe ſhal he fight and the field win:
and the Chiftanes ſhal die one either ſide.

When the man in the Moone is moſt in his might,
Then ſhal Dunbarton turne vp that is downe,
and the mouth of Arrane both at one time,
and the Lord with the luckin hand his life ſhal he loſe,
For couetuſnes and treaſon that loſes the land.

When the Cragges of Tarbat is tumbled in the ſey,
at the next ſommer after ſorrow for euer
Beides bookes haue I ſeene, and Baniſters alſo,
Meruelous Merling and all accordes in one
Meruelous Merling is walked away
With a wicked woman woe might ſhee be,
For ſhee hath cloſed him in a Craige on Cornwel coſt.

When the Cok in the North hath builded his neſt,
Busked his birdes and bownit him to flee,
Then ſhal fortune his freind the gates vp caſt
and right ſhal haue his free entrie.

Then riſe ſhal the Moone in the North weſt,
In a cloud as black as the bill of a Crow,
Then is loſed a Lyon the bouldeſt and the beſt
That was borne in Britane ſince Arthures daies,

Then

Then ſhal a dreadfull Dragone dres him from his den
To helpe the Lyon with his great might,
A Bull and a Baſtard ſpurres ſhal ſpend,
To abide with the Beare, to reckon his rightes.
A Libberd engendered of natiue kinde,
With the ſterne of Bethelem ſhal riſe in the South,
A Horſe and a Anthelope, baldly ſhal abide,
A Beare and a Brock, with bernis ſo bright,
A proud Prince in the preis Lordly ſhal light,
With bold Barrons in buſchment to battell ſhal wend,
Then ſhal the prophetie prooue, that Thomas of telles,
Many comely Knight is caſt vnder foote,
That ſhal make maydens murne that in bowre dwels
The dreadful day of deſtenie ſhal driue to the night,
ſhal make maydens & wiues in mourning be brought
Then they meet on the morning with the Moone light,
Betwirt Seton and the fey ſorrow ſhal be wrought,
There the Lyon ſhal be hurt and not perſeaued,
Then ſhal he braid to the beſt, that him the hurt wrought
And many ſterne in that ſtound ſhal fald to the free,
And the proudeſt in the preis, to baill ſhal be brought,
The fey fox and the Fulmart in armes are taken,
And led to the Lyon law to abide,
The Piper and the Pie ſhal ſuffer the ſame,
And al the friends of the Fox ſhal be fey made,
Then ſhal troy vntrue tremble for dread,
For dreddour of the deadman, whē they heere him ſpeak
Al the commons of the kith, ſhal caſt him the keyes,
The buſchement of Beuerlaw therewith ſhal breake.
When war men and woodes away went,
And euerie ſeede in his ſeaſon kindly is ſet,
And right well ruled, and falſhood is fled,

Then

Then shall be plentie of peace, when lawes haue no let,
The spous of God shall sing with a ioyfull song,
Thanking God thereof and the Trinitie:
And all grace and goodnes shall grow vs among,
And euerie fruite shall haue plentie by land and by sea,
Then the Sonne and the Moone shall shine bright,
That many daies afore darke haue bene,
And keepe their course both day and night,
With more mirth then men haue sene.
As Bertlingtones bookes, and Banister vs tells,
Merling and many more, that with meruels melles,
And also Thomas Rymour in his tales tells,
They say the Saxons shall choose them a Lord,
That shall make them greatly to fall vnder,
The ded man shall rise: and make them accord,
And this is much wonder and slight,
That he that was dead, and buried in sight,
Shall rise againe and liue in the land,
In comfort of an young Knight,
That fortune hath chosen to be her husband,
The Wheele shall turne to him full right,
That fortune hath chosen to be her feir,
In Surry shall he shew an sight,
In Babilone bring many an beirne on beir,
Fifteene mile from Jerusalem the holy crosse win shall (he,
The same Lord that beares the Lyon,
At Sandforde wan the gree,
Fortune hath graunted him the Victorie.
Since first that he armes baire,
For without treason or traitorie,
Destenie shall not him deire
Whill kinde of age til him driue,

For

For euerie man on Wolde muſt die,
But end he ſhall in the land of Chriſt,
And in the Vaile of Joſaphat buried ſhall he be.

☞ The Prophecie of Beid.

BEtwixt the cheike of Summer & the ſaid winter,
Before the heat of the haruell happen ſhall a war,
That Europes landes earnellly ſhall be wrought,
And earneſt enuie ſhall laſt but a while,
But the Lyon with his luſtie flowres,
For harme of hard heat, ſhal hap him with leaues,
Then ſpeed and ſpred him to Spaine into winter,
All flowers in the Forth ſhall follow him on
Callender ſhall cry Cornwell the nobell
And inherit all Albanie at his owne will,
Enuie to all Alieris, anone to be wrokin
Olde Armoſcycianes, and Albanie the ſame,
Shall recouer Caſtles & Towres out of Saxons hands
When Bretoners ſhall beate them with brandes of ſteele
There ſhall no baſtard blood bide in theſe landes,
Albanus that time King of the earth,
Albanactus kin and Lord of the land,
To the Lillie ſhall lend, and loue non other,
The Lyon leader of all, and Lord of all beaſtes,
Shall leane to the Lillie, and liue him with
And ſhall ſteir him to ſtriue by the ſtreames of Humber
The Stepſons of the Lyon ſturdely of themſelues
They ſhall ſtart vp with ſtrike, and ſtur all at once,
And ſtrike downe the Stepſons, & deſtroy them for euer
Neither loue they the Lillie nor the Lyon,
But the Lillie ſhall be looſe when they leaſt weene,

Then

Then all ſhall happen to the hart happen as it may,
And the taile of the ſomer toward the haruеſt
Be then the Lyllie ſhalbe looſed when they leaſt thinke,
Then clere Kings blood ſhal quake, for feare of death,
For Churles ſhal chop of heades of their chief heirnes,
And carke of the Crownes that Chriſt hes anoynted,
All this muſt deſtinie driue to an end.
An Egle of the Eaſt a venterous beaſt,
Shalbe glaid floures to fang in the firſt ſeaſon,
And ſtire to the ſtepſons, and ſtrike them together
Binde bands bruckle, baile to begin
For he would garlands get of theſe faire floures,
That in Somer ſeaſon ſpreds ſo faire,
But ſoone ſhall faile the fruite that the foole thinkes,
A fell Northern flaw ſhall faide him for euer.
Heiraфter on either ſide ſorrow ſhall riſe,
The Barges of cleare Barons downe ſhal be ſunken
Seculares ſhall ſit in ſpirituall ſeites
Occupying offices, anoynted as they were,
The true tittle to purchaſe that the truth holds
They ſhall torment them with torments a new,
Then Barrons ſhall buſk on there beſt wiſe,
Attour the Felles to faire, with a fay Fore birde
Turne firſt to Chriſt with todes wiles,
But ſoone the tod ſhall be tint, and his time loſed
They ſhall eſcape ſuch a chak, eſchew who ſo may,
Then ſhall the nobeleſt eſcape with the Felles
Yet ſhall the one fore in the field eſcape,
The Falkon ſhall be looſed in his winges,
Who ſo truſts not this taile nor the tearme knowes,
Let him on Merling meane, and his merrie words,
And true Thomas tolde in his time after,

At

At Sandford ſhall be ſeene example of their deeds,
Yet it muſt ouerdriue the tod in his buſk,
Buſk the now Barwick with thy broad walles,
Thou ſhall inclyne to thy King, that is thy kind Lord
As Saint Beid of that Burgh in his booke ſayes,
Thou ſhall with the Lyon leind, and leſtin for euer.
Though thou be ſubiect to the Saxons, ſorrow thou not,
Thou ſhall be looſed at the laſt, beleeue thou in Chriſt,
And euery language ſhall haue his Lordſhipe to brooke,
It was not loſt but lent for a little time,
Bold Barwick be blyth with thy broade walles,
Thou ſhall to the Lyon ſtoupe as Lord of his owne,
Let neuer the Libert lippin longer a day,
In bold Bretaine to brooke a foote broade of earth
Who ſo doubts of this dead, or denyes heereon,
I doe them well for to know the dait is deuiſed,
Take the formeſt of midleird, and marke by the ſelf,
With foure Creſcentes, cloſed together,
Then of the Lyon, the longeſt ſee thou chooſe,
Looſe not the Lyones let her lye ſtill,
If thou raſtes through raſe, the courſe of the heauen,
take Sainctandros Croſe thriſe
Keepe well theſe teachments as Clarkes hath tolde,
thus beginnes the dait deeme as thou likes,
thou ſhall not ceis in that ſeit, aſſummed in the text,
Or the height of the heit neereſt the winter,
No taile of the tearme, will I the tell
But Chaſtitie the Chiftaine of their cheif wrongs,
Or in the height of the haruеſt, hard of thy ſelf
Shall wicked weirds vndoe, and to the right,
And this or I wiſt, I walkned anone,
though I write as it was, wiſt I it not.

The

☞ The Propheſie of Merling.

IT is to fal when they it finde,
that fel on face is faine to flee,
That commed are of ſtrodlings ſtrinde,
Wauing through the worke of winde,
the Beare his muſſel ſhal vpbinde,
And neuer after bund ſhal be,
Away the other ſhall waue with winde
And as they come ſo ſhall they flee,
Syce ſhall vp, and ſinke ſhall vnder.
the dead ſhall riſe, and worke great wonder,
And ioy ſhall riſe to man and wife,
The ſorrowfull fall ſtill of ſtrife,
All men ſhall ioy of his reſurrection,
And in ſpeciall men of Religion,
the morter is readie, the Peſtell alſo,
the ſauce ſhall be bitter and that to his foe,
And the Diuels alſo ſhall helpin to,
Then the bankes of Beill ſhall bloome all about,
then hie the Hurcheon to Haillis, and cloſe the therein
thou ſhal be werped with a winde, and plucked ilk pen
Shal neuer doun on thy skinne, nor birs be the left.
The thunder ſhal worke thy holde to the colde earth,
Shal neuer ſtone vpon ſtone, nor ground be the left,
And ſo that wretched worke is deſtroyed for euer,
Their ſhal a Galyart gapt with a gilten horne,
A Pilledow with a tode, ſic a prime holde,
With their pieres in a place by a ſtreame ſide,
To ſtriue with the ſtreame, but they no ſtrength haue.
For their moouing they meete in the mid way,
Al the gromes ſhal grounch be the way ſide,

And

And many bairnes ſhall haue his byech on the back ſide,
And that meruaile ſhal fal be a Firth ſide,
Where the leader of the land ſhal his life loſe,
But that bargaine ſhall brew in a baire burgh
That ſhal baniſh from bliſſe many bright helme:
When it is breued on his back, and his breif knowne,
Of dum Organes dight then may thou wel deeme
Of al the weil and the wealth before then was wrought
With hunger and heirſhipe on euerie hil,
Yet this wicked world ſhal laſt but a while,
While a chiftane vncholen chooſe forth him ſelfe,
and ride ouer the Region, and for Roy holden,
Then his ſcutifiers ſhal skail al the faire South
Fra Dunbertane to Douer, and deil al the lands,
He ſhal be kid conquerour, for he is kinde Lord,
Of al Bretaine that bounds to the broad ſea,
The conqueſting ſhal be keeped, & neuer conqueſt after,
Be the coaſt ye ſhal know when the Knight comes,
He hes a mark in the middle wher no man may know,
When he is ſet in the Eaſt where the Sun riſeth,
He hes a ſigne ſhal ſhew on the South ſide.
Signum venenoſi ſanguinis de ventre matris ſuæ,
al Wailes I wis, ſhal wend with that Roy,
For to worke his wil, where he thinke would,
Gyane, Gaskone, and Bretane the blyth,
ſhal buſk to his bidding on their beſt wiſe,
The whole men will help in his moſt hight,
Then ſhal he turne into Tuskane but trety or true
and buſk him ouer the mōtaines on mid winter euen,
And then goe to Rome, and rug downe the walles
And ouer al the Region Roy ſhal be holden,
Oft this booke haue I ſeene, and better thereafter,

Of

Of Meruelous Merling, but it is wasted away
With a wicked woman woe might she be.

☞ The Prophecie of Bertlington.

WHen the Rubie is raised, rest is there none,
But much rancour shal rise in Riuer and Plane
Much sorrow is seene, throw a Sleuthound,
That beares hornes on his head like a wild Hart
Then a brok shal make a braid on a braid field,
and a hound shal beare aback with a brime face,
The slewthfull Slewthound shal slay him for euer,
Throw a tretie of a true, a trayne shalbe made,
That Scotland shal rew, and England for euer,
For the which Gladsmoore, & Gouan mure gapes there after,
Then shal the bankes of Beill bloome al about
Then hy the Hurcheon to Haillis, & close thee therein
Thou shal be warped with a winde, & plucked ilk pen,
Sall neuer downe on thy skin, nor birs be thee left,
a thunder shal worke thy hald to the could earth,
Shal neuer stone vpon stone, on ground be the left
and so this wretched beast, is destroyed for euer,
When faith failes in Prelates sawes,
and temporal Lordes wil holde new lawes,
and lecherie holden for priuie solace,
and reeke holden from good purches,
When Rome is deuided in two partes,
and euerie Priest hath the Popes power,
Then shal the land of Albanie,
Be put to great perplexitie,
Wan sin forthinke, and mis amend,
Dread God, do law, thinke on the end.

Be-

Betwixt Temptallon and the Baſſe
thou ſhall ſee a right faire fight,
Of barges and bellingars, and many broad ſaile,
With iij. Libertes and the flourdeluce hie vpon hight
And ſo the dreadfull Dragon ſhall riſe from his den,
And from the deepe doughtelie ſhall draw to the height
Of Bruces left ſide ſhall ſpring out a leif,
As neere as the ninth degree,
And ſhall be ſtemed of faire Scotland,
In France farre beyond the ſee,
And then ſhall cõme againe riding,
With eyes that many men may ſee
At Aberladie he ſhal light,
With hempin halters, and hors of tree,
On Gosforde greene it ſhall be ſeene.
On Glaidſmoore ſhall the battle be,
Now Albanie thou make the boun,
At his bidding be thou prompt
He ſhal deil both towre and towne,
His guifts ſhal ſtand for euer more.
then boldly boun the thereafter.
Upon a broad moore, a battle ſhal be,
Beſide a ſtob croſe of ſtone,
Which on the Moore ſtands hie,
It ſhal be clearly cled ouer with corps of Knights,
That the Crow may not find where the croce ſtoode,
Many wife ſhal weepe, ane Sice ſhal vnder
the deed ſhal riſe and that ſhal be wonder,
And rax him rudely in his ſhire ſhield,
For the great comfort of a new King
Now hye the Powok, with thy proud ſhowes,
Take thy part of the Pelfe, when the pack opens,

It shall not be Gladsmoore by the sey,
It shal be Gladsmoore where euer it be
and the little lowne that shall be
Is betwixt the Lowmond and the sea
And well is the man in all his life
That hath an cote hous into Fyfe,
and yet once shall come the day
He would the Cote hous were away,
And there shal come an Hound out of the South,
With him an ragment of Ratches rewled right,
and astour for the keinly shal he come
and in Fyfe shall fight and the feild win,
Yet shal an Northern flaw faile him for euer,
and kil him to confusion and returne neuer,
an Eagle then shal come out of the North,
With an flock of birdes fair at the flight,
Which shal make many fute founder and fall,
Then shal an Ghost come out of the West,
With him an faire menye,
Upon the Egil make him boun,
But he so nie then shal he flee,
I can not tel you what he height
A bastard trow I best he be,
His name shal not be expremed as now,
For he was gotten with an Ladie in priuitie,
His doughtie deedes without all doubt
Shal comfort al his companie
How euer it happen for to fall
The Lyon shal be Lord of all.
The Frenche wife shal beare the Sonne
Shal weild al Bretane to the sea,
and from the Bruces blood shall come

As

As neere as the ninth degree,
Meruelous Merling that many men of tells,
And Thomas sayings comes all at once,
Thogh their sayings be selcouth, they shal be suith found
and there shal all our glading be,
The Crow shal sit vpon a stone
and drinke the gentle blood so free,
Take of the ribes and beare to her birdes,
as God hath said, so must it be,
Then shal Ladies laddes wed,
and brooke Castles and Towers hie,
Beid hath breued in his booke, and Banister also,
Meruelous Merling, and al accordes in one,
Thomas the trew, that neuer spake false,
Consents to their saying, & the same terme hath taken,
Yet shall there come a keene Knight ouer the salt sea,
a keene man of courage, and bolde man of armes,
A Dukes sonne doubled, a borne man in France,
That shal our mirthes amend, and mend all our harms
after the date of our Lord 1513. & thrise three there after
Which shal brooke al the braid Ile to him selfe,
Betwixt xiij. and thrise three the Threip shal be ended,
the Saxons shal neuer recouer after,
He shal be crowned in the kith, in the Castle of Douer,
Which weares the golden Garland of Iulius Cesar
More worship shal he win, of greater worth,
Than euer Arthur himselfe had in his daies,
Many doughtie deedes shal he doe there after,
Which shal be spoken of many dayes better.

☞ The Prophecie of Thomas Rymour.

STill on my waies as I went,
Out thzogh a land, beſide a lie,
I met a beirne vpon the way
Me thought him ſeemlie foz to ſee,
I asked him holly his intent,
Good Sir if your wil be,
Sen that ye byde vpon the bent
Some vncouth tydinges tell you me,
When ſhal al theſe warres be gone,
That leile men may leue in lee,
Oz when ſhall fallhood goe from home
and laughtie blow his hozne on hie.
I looked from me not a mile,
and ſaw two Knightes vpon a lie,
they were armed ſeemely new,
two Croces on there bzeſtes they bare,
and they were cled in diuers hew,
Of ſindzie countries as they were,
the one was red as any blood,
Set in his Shield a Dzagone keene,
He ſteird his Steed as he were mad,
With crabbid wozds ſharpe and keene
Right to the other beirne him by.
His hozſe was al of ſiluer ſheene
His Shield was ſhaped right ſeemlie,
In it a Ramping Lyon keene.
Seemly into golde was ſet,
His bozdour was of Aſure ſheene,

With

With silke and Sabil well was plet,
I looked from me ouer a greene,
And saw a Ladie on a lie,
That such a one had I neuer seene.
the light of her shined so hie,
Attour the mooze where at she kure,
The fields me thought faire and greene
She rode vpon a Steid ful sture,
That such a one had I seldome seene:
Her Steid was white as any milke,
His top his taile war both full blae,
A side saydle sewed with silke,
As al were golde it glittered so,
His harnessing was of silke of ynde,
Set with precious stones free,
He ambled on a noble kinde:
Upon her head stoode Crownes three:
Her garment was of Gowles gay,
But other colour saw I none,
A flying fowle then I saw,
Light beside her on a stone
A stoope into her hand she baere,
and holy water she had readie,
She sprinkled the field both here & there
Said heere shal many dead cozpes lie.
At yon bzidge vpon yon burne,
Where the water runnes bzight and sheene,
There shal many steides spurne,
And Knightes die throw battles keene
To the two Knightes did she say,
Let be your strife my Knightes free,
Ye take your Hozse and ride your way

As God hath ordained so must it be,
Saint Andrew thou hast the hight,
Saint George thou art my owne Knight,
thy wrongous aires shall worke thee woe,
Now are they one there waies gone,
The Ladie and the Knightes two,
to that beirne then can I ment,
and asked tythings be my fey,
What kinde of light was that I said?
Thou shewed to me vpon yone lie,
Or wherefrō came those Knights two
They seemed of a farre countrie,
That Ladie that I let thee see,
that is the Queene of heauen so bright
the fowle that flew by her knee,
that is Saint Michael much of might
the Knightes two the field to ta
Where manie men in field shall fight.
Know you well it shal be so,
that die shal manie a gentle Knight.
With death shal many doughtie daile,
the Lordes shal be then away,
there is no Harret that can tell,
Who shal win the field that day,
A crowned King in armes three,
Under the Baner shal be set,
two false and feyned shal be,
the third shal light and make great let
Baners fiue againe shal striue,
and come in on the other side,
the white Lyon shall beate them downe,
and worke them woe with woundes wide,

The

The Bares heade with the read Lyon,
So seemely into read golde set,
That day shal slay the King with Crowne,
Though many Lordes make great let,
there shal attour the water of Forth
Set in golde the read Lyon.
And many Lords out of the North
to that battel shal make them boun,
there shal Crescentes come ful keene,
that weares the Croce as read as blood,
On euerie side shal be sorrow seene,
Defouled is many doughtie foode,
Beside a Lough, vpon a lie,
they shal assemble vpon a day,
And many doughtie men shal die
Few in quiet shal be found away,
Our Scottish King shal come full keene,
The read Lyon beareth he,
A feddered arrow sharpe I weene
Shal make him winke and warre to see,
Out of the filde he shal be led
When he is bloodie and woe for blood,
Yet to his men shall he say,
For Gods loue you turne againe,
and giue those Sutherne folke a fray,
Why should I lose the right is mine.
My date is not to die this day.
Yonder is falshoode fled away,
and laughtie blowes his horne on hie,
Our bloodie King that weares the Crowne,
Ful boldlie shal he battell byde,
His Baner shal be beaten downe,

And hath no hole his head to hide,
the Sternes three that day shall die,
That beares the Harte in siluer sheene:
there is no riches golde nor fee,
May lengthen his life an howre I weene.
Thus through the field that Knight shal ride
And twise reskew the King with Crowne,
He wil make many a Banner yeeld,
the Knight that beares the toddes three,
He wil by force the field to ta,
But when he sees the Lyon die,
Thinke ye wel he wil be wae.
Beside him lightes beirnes three,
Two is white the third is blae,
the toddes three, shal slay the two,
The third of them shal make him die,
Out of the field shal goe no more,
But one Knight and knaues three.
There comes a Banner red as blud,
In a Ship of siluer sheene,
With him comes many kerlie lude,
to worke the Scottes much hurte and woe.
There comes a Ghost out of the west,
Is of another language then he,
to the battle bownes him best,
As soone as he the Senyour can see,
the Ratches workes them great wanrest,
Where they are rayed on a lie,
I cannot tell who hath the best
Each one of them makes other die
A white Swane set into blae,
Shal semble from the South sey,

To

To worke the Northen folke great wae.
For knowe you well thus shal it be,
the staikes aucht with siluer set,
Shal semble from the other side,
till he and the Swan be met,
They shal worke woe with woundes wide,
throw woundes wide, there weeds hath wet
So boldlie will there beirnes byde,
It is no rek who gets the best,
they shal both die in that same tide.
There comes a Lord out of the North,
Riding vpon a Horse of tree,
that broad landes hath beyond Forth,
The white Hinde beareth he,
And two Ratches that are blew,
Set into golde that is so free,
that day the Egill shal him slay,
and then put vp his Banner hie:
The Lord that beares the Losanes three,
Set into golde with Gowles two,
Before him shal a battel be,
He weares a banner that is blew,
Set with Pecok tailes three:
and lustie Ladies heades two,
Unkane of one, each other shal be,
all through grieke to gether they goe.
I cannot tel who wins the gree,
Each one of them shal other slay,
the Egill gray set into greene,
that weares the hartes heades three,
Out of the South he shal be seene,
to light and ray him on a lie,

With

With 55. Knights that are keene,
And Earles either two or three,
From Carlel shal come be dene,
Againe shall they it neuer see,
at Pinkin Cleuch their shall be spilt,
Much gentle blood that day,
Their shall the Baire lose the gylt,
And the Eagle beare it away,
Before the water man calles Tyne,
And their ouer lyes a brig of stone,
the Baires three, looses the gree,
there shall the Eagle win his name.
There comes a beast out of the West,
With him shall come a faire manie,
His Baner hes beene seldome seene,
A bastard trowe I best he be,
Gotten with a Ladie sheene,
With a Knight in priuitie
His armes are full eath to knowe,
the read Lyon beares he,
that Lyon shall forsaken be,
and he right glad to flee away
Into an Orchyard on a lie,
With hearbs greene and allayes gray,
there will he inlaiked be,
His men sayes harmesay,
the Eagle puts his Baner on hie
and sayes the field he woone that day.
their shall the Lyon lye full still,
Into a vallie faire and bright,
A Ladie shoutes with words shrile,
and sayes woe worth the coward Knight

Thy

Thy men are ſlaine vpon yon hil,
To dead are many dougtie dight,
Thereat the Lyon likes ill,
And raiſes his baner hie on hight
Upon the mooꝛe that is ſo gray,
Beſide a headles Croce of ſtone,
There ſhal the Eagle die that day,
And the read Lyon win the name,
The Eagles thꝛee ſhal loſe the gree,
that they haue had this manie day,
the read Lyon ſhal win renowne
Win al the field and beare away,
One Crowe ſhal come, another ſhal goe,
and dꝛinke the gentle blood ſo free.
When al theſe ferlies was away,
then ſawe I non, but I and he
then to the berne couth I ſay
Where dwels thou oꝛ in what countrie:
Oꝛ who ſhal rule the Ile of Bꝛetaine
From the Noꝛth to the South ſey:
a French wife ſhall beare the Son,
Shall rule all Bꝛetaine to the ſey,
that of the Bꝛuces blood ſhall come,
as neere as the nint degree
I franed faſt what was his name,
Where that he came from what countrie?
In Erllingtoun, I dwell at hame
Thomas Rymour men calles me.

☞ The Propheſie of Waldhaue.

Upon

VPon Loudon Law alone as I lay,
Looking to the Lennox, as me leif thought,
The first mozning of May medicine to seeke,
Foz malice and melodie that moued me soze,
I lyed downe and leaned me & listed wel sleepe,
Upon the height of a hill as the voice bad,
And as I lyed downe and heilded my eyse,
So hard I a hoars voice, and a hie crie,
That bad me Waldhaue bewar and me wel keepe,
Foz feare of a wilde beast, that his weird dzeis,
Therewith I stonish, and stood and start on my feete,
And sained me on euery side, as the voice bad
Then I looked but let, lightlie me fra
And saw a hirsall in hie, of haires together,
A hundzeth I hope, wel whollie their was,
Then of Foxes, a flocke, fully fiue scoze,
All following on a fierce beast, that rudely them chast,
That was al wood thzough weird wofull to see
Right ragged and rent, and riuen in peeces
A battle with like bastoun, he boare on his bzoad luffs,
Like a bzimfull beirne battle to make
He thought to effray, and them fast pzesit,
As he in fold would them fang, firme at his will,
But when he saw me with sight, soone he them left,
And vvhen he shundered avvay no moze I them savv,
Then groaning grimlie he girt to me soone,
As gerret the great shzevv had done foz the nonce,
He struck fast with his staffe, and stonisht me soze,
But I keeped him be Chzist, with a keene vveapon,
That vvas my svvozde vvhile I svvet svvinging me about
And a buckler vvell bzoad, that keeped me best
So freshlie he fozced, me meat foz to make,

That

That he ſhundered on the fold, and his feete ſnappered,
The baſtoun on the bent ſore bzaſed him fra,
And I but baid on his breaſt, bowned my ſelf,
All groufflings on the ground graciouſly him held,
Thzough grace of the great God, that had me warned
He yelped, he yalmered, and youled loude,
And ſtrugled faſt his ſtrength, and ſtruck vpon loft,
But I held him by the haire, as my hap was,
And height to hurt him full ſore, but he him ſtill held,
And coniured him be Chzift, and his mother deare
That he ſhould kyth to me his kith and his kin,
But long was it that he lay or he ſpeake might
And at the laſt he can leaue, and lightly he ſaid,
Waldhaue wit thou, that wel hes the hapned,
Thou thoght not that thy weird this wzoght ſhuld be,
But let me riſe of this race, and reſt the beſide
And I ſhall readily without ryot the meruels tell,
Great grace hath thou gotten, that got me this time,
I ſhall greiue the no mozе ſo is thy grace turned,
But yet I truſted not his taile whill he his truth gaue.
Be the law and the lead, that he liued on,
That I ſure ſhould be and ſafe, and no euill betide,
Then let I him riſe, and leaned on his ſhoulder,
And great meruile of his face, and his fozme had,
He was fozmed like a freik all his foure quarters
and then his chin and his face haired ſo thick
With haire groing ſo grime fearfull to ſee,
I frained at him fozmeſt, the feare of him ſelf,
Why his figure and his face was ſo fearce made?
If wearie of the wozld, or what him aled,
He girned, he galped, and groaned full ſore,
Wept with his gray eyes, and ſuddenly he ſaide

Good

Good game all the way is as God will,
For he is greiued through my guilt, & I no grace serued,
My wilde wanton wil, end my misdeeds,
I may know of al woe, and my weird alas,
Because of my sinne, that I serued euer,
Hes this sorrow and this sight sent vnto me,
Be trouble of my kin that I am of come,
Hath me turned in this care, and carefull me made,
That I haue no hope of help, so help me our Lord,
Whill he that put me in griefe once grace send,
Fraine thou no further of my foote lets,
Of other workes as I wait, aske if thou likes,
Thy etling thou aske may, for answere I shall,
In woods and wildernes where many wayes lyes,
That I harkned and hard, I height the to say,
Then frouned I fiercly of this friwoll world,
What to be of weire, if he wist ought,
Or who should weild vs in this world that sorrow dreis
To giue vs of good will, and get vs to peace,
If their is fruits in this world that so much worth is,
Should haue fusion on force, and any faire after,
And then he looked to the ground, & wept al a while
and he groaned for greif, weeping he said,
Much anger and euill hath this yle chosed,
Al through oggered and cist, and Eluinis Knight,
Brutus thy Bairnetime hes much bail chosen,
Since first in Bretaine to leind thou was brought,
Sicknes and sorrow and soarnes set with syth,
When thou sembled to the sea vnder saile sound,
Norroway hath neddered them, and to neede brought,
That hath newed their names, and named themselues,
English, that are East foode, and Edryanis bairnes,

But

But all the anger that they make, their owne ſhall be,
That woefull weſtmureland, woe mot the betide,
For thou with warre, and thy wrong bairnes,
When thou mels with the Vers, & mixed with the ſame
Much malice and miſchiefe, thou made for thy ſelf
Beirnes and baners thou brought vpon loft,
With burning and baile hath wrought ſorrow,
Carlill thy Captaines, hath much woe wrought,
Thou ſhal cõpelled be with caire, thou thinks it but little
They ſhall thy gates yarne, thou yarnes not thereafter,
Thou ſhalt yalmur and yell: that al York ſhal it heare
Then the towne ſhal be tint, trow thou not els,
Thy toppes and thy turnates tumbled to the ground,
So falſe fortune ſo fel, hes thee at feid,
That force ſhal faile the, when thou beſt thinkeſt,
And lipnis on London to leade thee for euer,
On Linton and Lindſay, and Lanchaſter ſhyres,
There ſhal a Lyon be Loſed that a Lord is,
Both of London and of Lorne, as the Law will,
He ſhal allege to the leid, and the law make,
Leue noght vpon loft, but waſte them for euer,
Al the ſtrengthes of the coaſt, and Caſtles euerie one,
He ſhal incloſe them to his Crowne, & ouer them come,
Burgane and Bamburgh, as he by rides:
And Butlinges beate it downe, and burne it for euer,
The water ſhal welcome him, and the waues of the ſey
While he haue win in hy al that he thinkes,
Throw this trueth vpon Tweid, ſhal be turned after,
If who will count the time of the yeare,
If euen by eiking the howre, and the day come,
And angered for euer more, this olde men deuiſes,
Needleſſe thou Morhame, for nought that thou lookeſt,

There

There is a Meker in the Mozth, thy neſt ſhal deſtroy,
thou ſhal be waſted of thy wozkes foz thy wzong deeds,
There ſhal no warrand the weir, that thou winkſt after
A black Bair and a Bzok, and a Bull head,
A Boare whelpe with a Bzok, and a bzoad head,
ſhal thē boun in their boures, & beare thē doune foz ſuith,
And build them vp their walles, as they beſt thinke,
Red Rorburgh thy role, and reddie thee boun,
thy roote is now raiſed vp, and rotten in ſunder,
Thzee Rauens and a Rooke ſhal on thy rock ſit
And rolp rudely ſhal they, that Rome ſhal it heere,
From Ros to Roſdeene was that right may be:
Reddie the Reſcours, thou reſtes no mozе,
Foz it is but reaſon the right and rents be gathered,
What Jangelſt thou Jedburgh, thou Jages foz nought,
there ſhal a gylefull groome dwel thee within,
The Towze that thou truſtes in, as the truth is,
Shal be traced with a trace, trow thou none other,
the new Caſtle is keene, keped ful weil,
thereto take ye good heede noz come not therein,
A hirde with a hand bow, ſhal the heird keepe,
Hie in a Holyne, and in a haire wood,
Both his hoznes ſhal he hang and haſt him therewith
Dzeſſe thee now Dumbar, and doe foz the time,
thou haſt a dzeid foz the Dzaik, that the dzoune would,
Thy hiles is ſo hard ſet, with halmers of ſteele,
Well hauie therefoze, hold thee ful ſtill,
the new wozke that is next on the Mozth ſtreame,
Shal caſt a blenk to the Bas, when the blenk ſhines,
Be it guided with wit and will bee not waiſter,
there ſhal no waiſter it weild noz no euill doer,
Hailles hold thee at home, ſo hold I it beſt.

For

For hap thou to Halidoune, thou art hurt for euer,
There is a Hurtcheon in a hurſt, in Heriot moore
Hath marred the myrſnap in Minto Craiges,
That hath manſions mooued maugre of his teeth.
Dirlton and Dalkeeth they dread no more els,
But the Downe and the Dow, that the drake leades,
The Dragone they droune would but deuiſe of France,
Doth for them doughtelie, as he hath done euer,
Edinburgh that old Craige is angered ful ſore,
For the awe of the Erne, that in the Eaſt buildes,
He hath a Falcons keir that in far landes
Bath his feddring and his flight, and his flight gathered
Needles they noy them that is for nought,
For they neuer in the neſt ſhal nouriſh their birdes,
Striueling that ſtrait place a ſtrength of that land,
Why with Strabrok & Stratherne ſtriues thou to yarne
When Strabogie ſhal deſtroy al the ſtriaberies,
The ſtrandes of Strabrok ſhal ſtreeme them with blood
Three Storkes in a ſtall ſhal ſtand them before,
Stuffed al in ſteele weede, all on horſe back,
There ſtoutnes ſhal ſtinte, and ſtoniſh themſelues,
For ſtrokes ſo ſteiue ſhal ſtint them within.
Doe now Dunbarton while thy dayes laſt:
A wretched cloude in the Weſt, as Elders thee call,
For thou art in a Craige thou now cair dreades.
Beare thee well to Bothwell, and build it vp all
Then Craukord & Cumnok, with cleene men of armes
Let not lightlie the lois leap out of towne,
For thou art Lord of the landes, & a new Albane King,
To Dowglas now doe well, and it deare holde,
For Dowglas the doughtie may endure well
Deale the beſt of the landes that longeth thee to,

Feede

Feede them with fairenes, and with faire wordes,
Fy on the fellowſhip that hath a falſe end,
Catiue and curſt men are cumbered for euer.
there may no Catiue be Chriſt this kindred defend
Laughtie and largenes are two loue thinges,
He that vs like gaue loues them well,
Knightes and Chriſten men thereto heede take,
Caſt the curſt men in care, but they to Chriſt turne,
thinke on Dunbarton the bolde, in olde bernes time
that thou art but a beeld, and in that land chiefe
thou ſhalt take heede to this token that I ſhal thee tell:
Beleeue it as truly as it were written,
When the Lowmond law ſhal the leue take,
From the land of Lenox, and leue it for euer,
Leap lightlie with loupe, and looke thee about,
and mantel all the Craige with a Tower wal,
With Barges and Bellengers, to ruſh at the gates,
that both fiſhe and fowle that on flight goes,
Be flited vp freſhly and faire them within,
then is Dunbarton burnt al to powder,
and all in a clowde, the warre ended for euer.
and if ye faile of this freit after xiiij. yeares,
Pair ye paiplie, and pairne ye no more.
The Caſtel of Carrik that on a Craige ſtandes,
Shal cry vpon Cumnok for a true neſt,
that into Clidesdale coaſt cleueres full faſt,
In a Holyne ſo hie by a Elſe buſk,
then ſhal the Galloway Groomes get on their Waires,
Three toddes and a terſel ſhal tene al the woods,
From tynemouth to tultie, and be tole free
But a Goſe Hauke of growth ſhal grieſe him then,
and get on a gray Waire that in graſſe reſtes.

In

In a gow of gowrie by a gray ſtone,
He ſhal tuilye with the toddes, and the tub alſo
And with the teind that is taken: turne into Fraunce,
Two Wethers and a Wolfe ſhall the field make,
Betwixt a yowe and a Lamb that leades the flock,
Before butler the bargaine ſhal beginne,
All in it bootles his bags be ript,
then ſhal the Ile of Roſay be rank ful of ſide buſhes
Then each man rues them for rueth of his hart
that would rend from rude and no reſt thole,
A ratiue in a Craig ſhal a tower builde,
and cry on Craig Fergus, the crawdone is euer,
For a Buck in but, as a bull horne,
Bound with a bugle blowe when he likes,
A proude powne in a preis Lordly ſhal light,
With Piotes and Pilliedowes pulled in the crowne,
Plaine power of the Pope ſhall the Powne haue
To pluck and to puniſh and part him about,
A Pyot ſhal partly appeale him againe,
For his part of the pelfe, and the Powne wrong:
There ſhal much ſorrow and ſtrife ſtirre them once
That ſhal the Sterlings trouble, that ſtires with wings,
A Haire with a Hurcheon and a hind Calfe,
Shal hie them in holie land and hold them therein,
While a grayhound them gripe on the greeke ſea,
and goe with them grieuouſly where him leiſt likes,
There ſhal no gaming them glee while the Grayhound
Gripe the Grahound, and greiue him ful ſore,
and buffetted him bitterly then bit him with warre,
Goe muſing vpon Yerling moze if thou wil,
For I meane for no more, man at this time.
Then I ſtuddied ſtoode, and him hild ſtill,

Then he could ſturdely ſtire with his broad eyes,
But I couth farther him fraine, for his fathers ſoule,
If euer freik on this fold formed himſelf,
That he ſhould witter me ſome way, if he will ought,
What of this world and this weire ſhould after betide,
Then as a Lyon he looked me on
Like as he leepe would and rend me in ſunder
He ſaid weyns thou Waldhaue, I win into heauen,
that I may in this world al my wit haue,
No thou gets that of God, their gaines none other,
to whome he giues the grace, they are of good life,
But this taile that I tell you, ye ſhal truſt it well,
It is a tratling but trueth, the ſuth the to ſay,
I mooued into my minde how the ſuith ſtands.
Wuſe on as thou may, the matter thou fraines,
thou ſinnes if thou fraines feeind farther I tell,
I haue ynough Waldhaue, my way for to make,
Heere in wildernes I dwell, my weird for to dree.

☞ Heere followeth how Waldhaue did conjure this Spirit to ſhew much more of ſindrie things to come, as followeth.

BUt ſomewhat ſhal I ſay as ſuth I hard,
Among lieges vnſound that ouer ſute is,
Three Waires of the Wers ſhal marrie themſelues,
With the Wertrickes of War, that they much loue
thoſe bryme beaſts wilde, ſhall bite ful bolde,
to baile and to barret beirnes a new,
then ſhall be firſt with the bucks head,
the other a beare that is bryme, ſhal brue with care,

The

The third a bul with a baire that beares hoznes,
Huge and hideous on euerie ſide hie,
theſe thzee ſhal raike and reiue in the wild Nozth,
their ſhal none other ride theſe riatous beaſtes,
A Cok with a keene combe ſhal compas them with
Al haill the wayes where the land lyes,
With ſuch a creik and a crie ſhal their kind riſe,
that the kinrik be Chziſt ſhal be cumbzed thereof,
But the happyer half ſhal the Cok haue,
Foz he is hyer of head, and hurts the les,
theſe falſe Lurdanes life laſtes but a while,
While thzee Liberts in a ling from London ſhall come,
And leane toward Louthian into Linlighcow ſhire,
toward Glaſcow they goe graithly thereafter,
Attour the hilles where the way lyes,
and on Gouane Wooze graiths them to ſleepe,
then a Lyon as Lozd ſhall leape them among,
and learne them a leſſon though they laith thinke,
Fell Falcones in field ſhal their fey wozth,
and their fozemales ſo farre ſtemed foz euer.
Then puruey the Powok with thy pzoude ſhawes,
thou ſhal haue part of the pelf, when the pack opens.
Then a Chiftaine vnchoſen ſhal chooſe foz himſelfe,
And ride thzough the Realme and Roy ſhal be called,
then ſhal Wailes wozthely dwell vpon loft,
And chooſe them a chiefe Lozd of Royaltie holden,
Scottes aires of Scotland ſhal ſcaile them ful wide,
In Humber ſhal bzulye their right foz to haue,
Greſſon and Godzant, that were great Lozds,
they were tailyed in that time with vntrue folkes,
Heauen and euen aires of the land,
Shal rent them and riſe, and reill in their way,

And noy al the Norrowaies that hath them wronge wrought,
When deede shall rise and meruels shew.
Looke him flat in face, and none shal him know,
Then the Lillie so leill with notable beirnes,
Sends bodward in Britane to the beirne bolde,
Bids him blythly abide in battle ioynt,
Then a Lyon shall leape loose out of hands,
The first out of Ireland noblest of deeds,
But when he is loose then rest is their none,
When the Syce is vp and the Sinke vnder
Then shal the dead rise and make great wonder,
Amongst kind men in kith kindle shall a care,
There shal a councel sit that shall make whole bankes bare:
Then Sarons are set with suttle thoughts
And proues partly to prick with partie faces,
And Wailes werps vp with wonderfull deedes,
and Ireland helps that head to his most hight,
And all Yorkeshire shal help, proue when he likes
He shall binde him to bide with beirnes a new,
Enter vp a side where the sea filles,
In his owne kind ground where that he was borne,
With dignitie and deere men, that him well loues,
For to conquest the cleare Crowne of Englands line,
But al would faile were not forces that the foole thinks,
He should be subtillie sould were not Christ would.
That his dolorous date should draw to an end:
And the bastards blood left is for euer:
Then in Brittane that day see who so will.
Shal neuer Bastards brooke a foote broad of earth,
He shall be hurled and harled and hasted to death:
With a Wolfe out of Wailes & bring him out of daies
And conquest the cleare Crowne of Englands right

He

He shal bring al England into good peace,
While a Hunter shal rise and raigne in the North,
Rare vp his Banners with riatous beirnes,
For safetie and supplie of Brutus landes,
Much sturt and strife shal steire in a while,
From the North to the South sey who so list,
For when the Towers of Tuzin is tumbled in the sand
With hunger and hard life and falshood on lost,
Within vij. yeares after great wonders shal be seene,
By that the Libberts race is fastly at an end.
Then the Lillie so leile shal leind vnto his landes,
And to the Lyon shall get Lordshippes great,
For the Lyon shal ariue at Carleile,
And leape on the land as Lord of the ground,
He shal leind in the land with his leike beirnes,
and lame the Libbert and lose him for euer:
Shall neuer the Libbert leap one day after,
In bold Brittane to brooke the date is neere passed
That King shal deale and parte all the broad landes,
To the Bruces blood and other bolde Knightes,
That shal goe with the way to the wengin of Christ,
In the Vaile of Josaphat seene shal he be,
Where many Saryaues shal quake with their hartes,
When the dead man shal rise & shew them a sight
As meruelous Merling hath said of before,
Take heede to this tale that I now thee tell,
and trust it as truly as it were trew written,
When that falset hath foote and freedome is lost,
and couetise hath the kith at his owne will,
When laughtie is laid low vnder foote,
and kindnes is courtelie his freind to begyle,
And no truth shal be kithed into christen landes,

But al set to deseit and non trust other,
Not the Father the Sonne in his bodily oathes,
Holy Church shal haue no girth but plainly ouer turned
and lecherie on loft and non spare other:
And each blood with other knites together,
the law of our Sauiour is quite forgotten,
This is a true talking that Thomas of tells,
that the Hare shal hirpil on the hard stone,
In hope of grace but grace gets she non,
then Gladsmoore and Gouane shal gape there after
Thinke not long on this losse for it is neere hand,
When the Lamb is lose that the holy Church keepes,
then falset is set in Seeges of Rome,
And workes for the warrande that the cur wan,
Many Seeges shal figh within short time after,
and many meruels shal be seene within short time,
When the mouth of Arran the top hath ouer turnd,
Then shal Dunbarton mell of old done deedes,
and so shal Arran hop in a new mans hands,
In hope of Dunbar when Hailles shal halt,
When the Hunter shal come with his kind Ratches,
Hunt Fotherik and Fife and the field win,
When Sommer is Winter and Winter is weete,
With warping wind and tempest great,
Then falset is reddy his friend to begyle,
With hunger and heirship ouer al the broad lands,
then shal the poore people be spilled ful neere,
the leid with the luckin hand is brought out of daies,
Subtelly his life shal lose and many a other,
and many doughtie shal die for that deede,
And many leid in the North shall there life lose,
For couetousnes and treason then loses the land,

Many

Many a wife and maiden shal wring both there hands,
Before this wicked war be brought to an end,
the first roote of this war shal rise in the North,
That the Iles and Ireland shal moorne for them both,
And the Saxons sealed into Brutes landes,
When the Moone is dark in the first of the number,
With Foure Crescentes to eik forth the daies,
And thrise ten is selcouth to see,
With a L. to lose out the rest of the number,
Syne let three and two Threips as they will,
This is the true date that Merling of tells,
And gaue to King Uter Arthurs father:
And for to mene and muse with there merrie wordes,
For once Brittane shal be in a new Knightes handes,
Who so hap to byde shall see with his eies,
As Merling and Waldhaue hath said of before,
and true Thomas told in his time after,
and Saint Beid in his booke breued the same,
Mute on if ye may for mister ye haue,
I shal giue you a token that Thomas of tells,
When a lad with a Ladie shal goe ouer the fields,
and many faire thing weeping for dread,
For loue of there deare freindes lies looking on hilles,
That it shal be woe for to tel the teind of there sorrow,
Then shal be wasted there cheife landes,
Where God curses with his mouth dead must follow:
Now wait thou Waldhaue my wil is way to pas,
To wood and wildernes where my way lies,
Then is the Libberds three lamed for euer
and the Lyon shal be Lord and leader for suithe
And al Brittane the broad shal him bow to,
and his barnage bolde shal him blis keepe,

Then

Then ſhall fruite wel, and faſhion of corne,
Iſt fredome and freindſhipe his fiance be holden,
Cry you Chriſten men on Chriſt, and honour our King,
Of all cures and cares in this coſt angers.
And thus he ſundered me fra I frained no longer,
But I merueld faſt at his faire head,
I ſtuddied right ſtabillie, all ſtoniſht thereof,
That I winked or I wiſt and wrought vpon ſleepe,
And when I walked written I found,
All theſe words on warre wanted there none,
Breued on a broad booke and on my breaſt laid,
Bliſſed be the breuer that the booke write,
Then can I make me to muſe, and melling therewith
The firſt morning of May, this meruile I ſaw,
As I lay mine alone on Lowdoun Law,
Looking to the Lennox, as me leue thought.

☞ Heere endeth the Propheſie of Waldhaue, and now followeth the Scottes prophecie in Latine.

SCotia mæſta dole propria iam perdita prole,
Regibus orba tuis, fraude ſubacta tuis.
Proh dolor ancilla fit libera, fraus perit illa,
Ignaræ ſobolis gens perit ecce dolis.
Magnifici funus regis dolor omnibus vnus,
Subdita non legi dat male Regna Regi
O grauis anxietas, ſexus dolet omnis, & ætas:
Quem fera mors rapuit, natio Scota luit.
Pridem terra ferax, gens martia, natio verax,

Per-

Perdiderat gratum quem tenuere ſtatum,
Duro conflictu fortunæ mobilis ictu
Sunt in deterius verſa beata prius.
Sub iuga veniſti, quæ victrix ante fuiſti:
Aduena ſceptra gerit, quæ velit, enſe terit.
Anglorum nati nec vi, nec more probati,
Væ tibi quod ſolo preualuere dolo.
Gens inuincibilis, gens fortis, genſque virilis,
Succubuit fatis, res miſeranda ſatis.
Gloria Scotorum vernans ætate priorum:
Væ tantæ cladis obtenebrata cadis.
Ecce repentinæ ſunt huius cauſa ruinæ,
Contemptus fidei, fraus, dolus, ira Dei.
Rerum cæcus amor, inopum oppreſſio, clamor
Iugis, plebs retegens, natio legis egens,
Faſtus maiorum, vitiorum cauſa priorum,
Peccati fomes, legis inepta comes.
Hunc cecinere ſtatum veterum præſagia vatum
Singula venere quæ cecinere fere.
Scandala, terrores, plagas, varioſque dolores,
Ex ſerie fati Scotia diſce pati.
Gens ſurget ex te diuerſa proſperitate
Vix poterunt ſcribi, damna futura tibi.
Sed ne deſperes, quæ tantis luctibus heres,
Non eſt perpetua plaga futura tua:
Credo licet ſera veterum preſagia vera:
In bonitate Dei, ſit tibi cura ſpei.
Nam quæ tot pateris, quæ iam captiua videris,
Tandem ſolueris, Imperialis eris.
Deſuper eueniet tibi virtus, Scotia fiet
Vltima proſperior, quam tua vita prior.
Promittunt veteres, quod erit tibi bellicus hæres

Qui ſua Iura nouans regna Iuuabit ouans,
Stragibus Immenſis ſudabit Scoticus enſis,
Rex perdet cuneos vltor vbique reos.
Irruit Angligena per eum gens non ſine pæna,
Enſe, ſiti, fletu, peſte, tremore, metu.
Hoſtibus afflictis, ſtratis, per prælia victis,
Scotia tũque tui Placida pace frui.

¶ Alia Prophetia.

Cum fuerint anni completi mille ducenti,
Et tricenteni fuerint in numero pleni,
Bis ſex & ſeni venient ab equore Rheni
Tunc ruit Anglorum mala gens & ſemen eorum.

¶ Alia Prophetia.

Anglia te perdet tua gens, quam quilibet odit,
Te circum fodit gens Gallica, Scotia rodit.
Gallia mutetur, Ibernia inſidietur,
Vix poſſunt ſcribi damna futura tibi.

¶ Alia Prophetia.

Flan, fran, conſurgent, hiſpani viribus vrgent,
Dani conſurgent, Albani limina lingent,
Sco deueſtabit, tunc Gallia arma parabit,
Et cum hoc fuerit Anglica gens periet.

¶ Alia Prophetia.

Poſt Iacobum, Iacobus, Iacobum, Iacobus quoque quintus
Et filius daci Regno Regnabit vtroque.

☞ Heere followes the Propheſie of Gildas.

When

VVhen holy Kirk is wzaked, & wil hath no wit
And paſtoures are pluked & peild but piety,
When Idolatrie is in Ens, and Re,
and ſpiritual Paſtoures are vered and away,
And al eſtates in ſight are vnknowne,
Becauſe of there clothing cunning oz craft,
Spiritually ſuſpended ſubuerted and ſuſpected,
Denying there dutie to God and there det,
Pzomped vp like Princes as the Pecok pzoude,
Refuſing there Religion and there right rule,
then in the Nozth a wicked wind ſhal blow,
That al the Realme ſhal rew right ſoone there after,
the Grahound ſhal be greeued and dziuen at vnder,
And tramped foz his trueth to whome he kept truſt
The kindeſt of his kith ſhal not him know,
But him and his misknow that euer they neuer knew,
then ſhal many ferlie fal right ſoone after,
and from Caithnes to Douer ſhal walke but war,
And mooznе foz his misfoztune that failed ſo ſoone,
But better mooznе foz themſelues foz need they haue:
Hailes when thou halteſt hirpil not but hold thee,
Jf thou ſpeakſt where thou ſpok, it ſhal able skald thee,
the barred Lyon lawles at thee ſhal be greeued,
Shal ſearch and ſeeke thee to deſtroy thee foz euer,
Yet ſhal a beirne from Berwick busk him and boun,
and ſearch the treading of trowes that war afoze tane,
By the heedles people that held at there owne hand,
The holdes whole and the heardes had deſtroyed,
Reaſon ſhal be ſought and granted ſhal be none,
The mouers thereof ſhal mene and may not mend,
then ſhal the Counſel which cumbered hath the kith,
Call foz comfozt, but long may they craue

They

They marked to the hieſt and to ouer haile the old,
But al in vaine they worke they ſhal not preuaile,
they ſhall worke vnwiſe and wit ſhal they lack,
Then waried their weird that euer they war wrought,
then ſhal the Ratches in this region rake
And runne their race rudely but any returne,
the beſt of the kith ſhal cry for ſupport,
But ſkarſe ſhal they riſe they ſhal be ſo ſweire,
The Hound which was harmed then miſſed ſhal bee,
Who loued him worſt ſhal weepe for his wrak,
Yet ſhal a Whelpe riſe of the ſame race,
That rudely ſhal raire, and rule the whole North,
And quite the whole quarrel of old deedes done:
though he from his hold be kept back a while,
The Cok dare not crow though it be his kinde,
But keep him ſelfe cloſe while come ſhal his time,
Prepare thee Edinburgh and pack vp thy packes,
thou ſhalt be left void be thou leife or loath,
Becauſe thou art variant and ſtemed thy faith,
through Enuie & couetouſnes that cumbered thee euer
True Thomas me tolde in a troubleſome time,
In a harueſt morning at Eldound hilles.

☞ Heere followeth the Prophecie of the Engliſh Chronicles.

THere ſhal proceede a holy Heremeet in King Elfridus time, in this maner in the booke of King Henrie the Sixt, ſaying theſe Engliſhmen, foraſmuch as they vſe to drunkenneſſe, to treaſon, to careleſneſſe of Gods

Gods houſe. Firſt by the Daines, thē by the Normands and the thirde time by the Scottes: that they holde the moſt wretches and leaſt worth of all other: they ſhal bee ouercome and vincuſt, then the world ſhall be vnſtabell.

☞ The Prophecie of Sibylla and Eltraine.

VVhen the Goate with the gilden horne is choſen to (the ſea,
The next yeare there after Gladſmoore ſhal be
Who ſo likes for to reade,
Meruelous Merling and Beid,
In this maner they ſhal proceede,
Of thinges vnknowne,
the truth now to record,
And that from the date of our Lord,
Though that it be ſhowne,
take a thouſand in Calculation
And the longeſt of the Lyon,
Foure Creſcentes vnder one Crowne
With Saint Andrews Croce thrife,
then threeſcore and thrife three,
Take tent to Merling truly,
Then ſhal the warres ended be
And neuer againe riſe.
In that yeare there ſhal a King,
A Duke and no crowned King,
Becauſe the Prince ſhall be young
and tender of yeares,
Much ſorrow and ſtrife
Shal be in Lothian and Fife,

Through

Thzough the Fulmarts falſe feares,
the Wadzigall Woldewarte,
thzough the ſupply of the fained Hart,
and the launſing of the Libbert,
Linked in an laice,
In Fife and Louthian ſhal land,
With many bow bil and bzand,
and burne and ſlay al from hand:
Without any grace.

Then comes the Anthelope,
the blind Woldewarte to ſtop,
With many a Senyoures in a ſope,
Foozth of all artes,
the Lyon ramping at the Roſe,
with the Pzonie and Papingoes,
and many Knights foz to cloſe,
Shal come from the South.

The ſadled hozſe ſhall be ſeene,
Tied to a tree greene,
And with auiſa la fine
In a bage ſhal be bozne,
Syne twa ſhipes in a ſheild,
that day ſhal foote the field.
to the Anthelopes beild,
And fetch him befozne.

The Beares head and the Bzock,
the beame and the bloodie yoke,
thzee Creſcentes and a Cok,
Shall come from the Nozth,
they ſhall come to the bzoyle,
And Knights keenely ſhall toyle,
Foz loue of the ſinkfoile,

And

And fight vpon Forth,
When the battles drawes neere.
In their sight shal appeare
A nauie of men of weir,
approaching at hand,
Then put their men in ordinance
With fiue hundreth Knights of France,
and a Duke them to aduance,
to be in the vanguarde.
and to the Anthelope shal leind,
And take him easilie to freind,
Then the Libbert shal the teind,
And desperate in blisse,
Scottes and French shal take a part,
With a proud haitrent heart,
And shal vpon the Woldewarte
Or they disseuer.
His bow to him shall be no beild,
All his Knights shall be kild
Him selfe is slaine in the field
And vanquisht for euer.
Thus shall the warres ended be
Then peace and pollicie
Shall raigne in Albanie
Still without end,
And who so likes to looke,
The description of this booke,
This writes Beid who will looke.
And so doth make an end.

Heere

☞ Heere followeth a Propheſie pronounced be a Noble Queene and Matron called Sibylla Regina Auſtri. That came to Solomon through the which ſhe compiled foure bookes at the inſtance and requeſt of the ſaid King Solomon and others diuers, and the fourth booke was directed to a noble King called Baldwine, King of the broade Ile of Bretaine: of the which ſhee maketh mention of two Noble Princes and Emperours the which is called Leones of theſe two ſhall ſubdue and ouercome all earthlie Princes, to their Diademe & Crowne, and alſo be glorified and crowned in the heauen among Saints. The firſte of theſe two, Is, Magnus Conſtantinus that was Leproſus, the Son of S. Helene that found the Croce. The ſecond is, the ſixte King of the name of Steward of Scotland the which is our moſte Noble King.

Brittane.

IN Scotland ſhall raigne the moſte Noble and valiant Chiftane that euer was, ful of wiſdome & pollicy, cruell in Juſtice as a Lyon & feirce, he ſhall be meeke as a Lamb, but ſomewhat inclyned to fragelity of his fleſh. In his time ſhal be great Juſtice and peace. But alace for ſorrow, for by treaſon hee ſhall bee deſtroyed. This Lamb ſhall make many good houſes and faire places he ſhall take greate aduenterous trauels and a little before his death, he ſhall haue warre with them that ſhould bee his freinds, & he ſhall get victorie ouer them, but be falſet of his owne he ſhall be drawen to a place of battle where he

he ſhall get great diſcomfort, bee the which hee ſhall die. Therefore alace for ſorrow of his lyne, which ſhall be in great trouble: and after him there ſhall be a chiftaine of the kyth vnſtable as the winde wauering as the waues of the ſea. In his time ſhall the church tremble as an aſpine leafe and great trouble in all maner of eſtates but it ſhall not long laſt. Alſo the Wolfe ſhall riſe againſt him out of the Northweſt, and make him great trouble, but he ſhall not preuaile, for bee the help of the Wolfes brother and the Fox, the Wolfe ſhal be ſlaine by a water ſide: and ſoone after there ſhal come out of the North, a Dragone and a Wolfe, the which ſhal bee the helpe of the Lyon, and bring the Realme to great reſt and peace with glorie, with the moſt ioy & triumphe, that the like was neuer ſeene theſe many yeares before: for by the ſweete ſmel of the Lillie and the flowerdeluce, there ſhal a Chiftane of the kith, choofe forth him ſelfe, ſtable as a ſtone, ſtedfaſt as the Chriſtall, firme as the Adamant, true as the ſteele, immaculate as the Son, without all treaſon, he ſhal ſaile on the ſea with walles on euery ſid, and that with all gloire and ioy to deliuer the kith out of al thraldome & dolour, for he ſhal be ſtrong as the Wolf, wiſe as the Serpent, humble as the Lambe, ſimple as the Doue, victorious as the Lyon, Prince of iuſtice, the weil of this nation, he ſhall binde his taile with the red Dragone & accompany him with the Lyon: theſe three ſhall riſe againſt the Woldewarpe, the which is curſed of God: this Woldewarpe ſhal haue an earthlike skin as an Goate, the vengance of God ſhal fall vpon him for ſinne & the ſuffering of the great pride of his people vnpuniſhed. Alſo they ſhall thruſt him forth of his Realme, and make all the foure cheife floodes of his Realme to runne

blood, and after that the Woldewarpe shall flee and take a ship to saue himselfe, for he shall haue no more power of his Realme. And after that he shal be glad to giue the thirde parte of his Realme, to haue the fourth parte in peace, and hee shal not get it: for the wil of God is, that no man shal haue mercy, but he that is merciful. And after that he shal liue in sorrow al his life time, and by aduenture suddenly in a floud of the sea, and his progenie shal be fatherlesse in strange countries and landes for euermore, because they were gotten against the law of God: for by that generation the Realme of Englande is repleit of all iniquitie and abhomination of sinne: and so the Wolfe the Dragone with the Lyon, shal deuide the Realme of England, and so shal the land be conquest by the power and wil of God, and not by strength of man: and he that is an Englishman borne, shal deny and periure his native nation and Realme. But yet they shall be as tributoures to these foresaid three beastes, and all wholely subdued to them: and then the spoues of God, shal be glad of her deliuerance, and her children shal inhabite there landes with ioy in the seruice of there Father by creation; wel is that man that keepes his true parte to that time: for after those daies the lawe of the spoues shal be wel keeped. But in the meane time, that all religious persons suffer patiently persecution, and specially the poore, which hath left al for the spoues sake, for they shal be glad to flee to mountaines and caues for there sauegarde. But he for whose sake they doe suffer, shal redresse there doloure to ioy but end. And the Ile of Brittane shal be in al ioy and peace, and the iust shal be glad in the suppressing of there aduersaries, and then shal al good men and weomen giue perfite laude and praise

to

to God omnipotent, for God doth suffer man to be punished for sinne. And then shal the Dule, the Beare, with the Egill, be all destroyed, because they were vntrue to the Woone and changed into blood, for by there counsell, the white Lyon gentle of nature, was degenerate and made cruel against them that was his trustie freindes, for he shal be the cause of greate and much trouble, and shedding of much innocent blood, & the begining of great discord amongst them that should be freinds: & as for his succession they shall neuer inhabite his lands. And then shal the Buck beware, and take good heede that hee shede no blood in the landes, but draw him to his strength: for the Wolfe shal awaite him at an aduantage, and be his death: and then shal all the birdes of the woode sing for ioy, that the Wolfe is made watchman and enemie to the Fox, for al shal bee one in truth and peace, treason shal be knowne, and the Sonne shal shine cleare, but the Woone shal be vnder couer and darke, til God be pleased to redresse: and the white Lyon ramping shal haue his den at large, for his stedfast truth that he kept to the kith, and he shal kepe the birdes in there bounds with al gloir: bot the vnicorne shal coutch ful lowe, for falshood that he wrought with the Raeuin rolping, & that was for their greedines & treason that they shall doe by the sea, an vnder an great hill: for the Cok that should haue bene true, was false, & drew with him the Papingo, by the which the Rose gaue no smell, that euer was pleasant to the kith, & so in there trace they shall draw the best fowles in the wood wherefore alas. But then let them take hede for then comes there destres, the horne shal blow dolour in sounde that all the Castles on Tyne shal quake, and the Harte shal runne & make little debate, woe shal be, but

but it ſhal not long laſt: for the Wolfe with the Dragon and the Lyon ſhal they releaſe, that long lay in their den, and iuſtice ſhal be had that was ſtayed to riſe. Then ſhall tremble & quake, the Stalwart & the Starke, and the right ſhal be had that iuſtice ſhal draw: and woe ſhal be to them that no pittie would haue, for the Chiftane of the kith that God would ſhould guide, a ſtrike treaſon downe on euerie ſide: and happie is that man that may it ſee, but happie is that Chiftane what euer he bee.

Finis.

COLLATION

OF WALDEGRAVE'S EDITION OF THE PROPHECIES,

M.DC.III.

WITH THAT PRINTED BY ANDRO HART,

M.DC.XV.

ALL the editions of the Prophecies, subsequent to that of Hart in 1615, appear to be mere reprints of each other, often with great inaccuracy, and consequently of no authority and of little value. The variations between Waldegrave's and Hart's editions, although numerous, consist chiefly of verbal corrections, or variations of spelling, which it would be unnecessary to specify in detail. But every variation of any importance is here pointed out; and a facsimile reprint of the title-sheet of Hart's publication is added, as, besides the dedication to King James, it will be found to contain a translation of the Latin verses inserted at page 40 of Waldegrave's edition.

In the present volume, the following typographical errors have been corrected; but, in other respects, it may be considered a literal reprint. Page 5, line 15, *Not the Son—Nor the Son;* line 24, *ſhal and faire—ſhall faire and.* P. 13, line 27, *wal—will.* P. 16, line 10, *rayment—ragment;* line 26, *deede is—deedes.* P. 24, line 31, *ſhirle—ſhrile.* P. 25, line 27, *home—hame.* P. 26, line 1, *London—Loudon.* P. 27, line 14, *Would haue—Waldhaue.* P. 32, line 7, *ond—and.* P. 35, line 4, *reatous—riatous.* P. 40, line 22, *liberat—libera.* P. 41, line 14, *clam—clamor;* line 17, *come—comes;* line 31, *eua—tua.* P. 43, line 3, *in is—is in.*

THE WHOLE PROPHECIE OF SCOTLAND

England, France, Ireland and Denmarke,
Propheſied by marueilous MERLING,
Beid, Berlingtoun, Thomas Rymour,
Wardhaue, Eltraine, Baneſter, and
Sybilla, all agreeing in one. Both
in Latine verſe and Scottish meter.

Conteining many ſtrange and marueilous mat-
ters not of before reade or heard.

EDINBVRGH,
Printed by ANDRO HART,
ANNO DOM. 1615.

SACRO ET AVG. MONA.

IACOBO, magnæ Brit. Gal. & Hib. Regi & cæt.

Invicte Regum Regibus edite
Regnū Britannū qui imperio regis
Regali, & unus Christianè
Regula, tum typus es regendi :
Regnum relictum funere Regio
Regnum receptum munere patrio,
Regnes beatus, nos regendos
Vsque tuae soboli relinquens.

ALIVD.

Conditor humani generis, cuſtoſque IEHOVA
Nil homini tribuit, moderato Principe majus :
In quo vera DEI, vivenſque elucet Imago.
Effigíē quam fers, Invicte monarcha Britannum
Exſpectate diu, cui vatum oracla priorum
Aurea compoſitis promittunt ſecula bellis.
Viue diu, ſed vîve Deo, vitaque peracta
Puriter, æternâ compoſtus pace quieſcas.

Priſcæ

Priscae Scotorum Prophetiae.

1 SCotia mæſta dole, propria jam perdita prole,
Regibus orba tuis, fraude ſubacta tuis.
2 Proh dolor ancilla fit libera, fraus perit illa,
Ignaræ ſobolis gens, perit ecce dolis.
3 Magnifici funus regis, dolor omnibus unus,
Subdita non legi, dat male Regna Regi.
4 O gravis anxietas, ſexus dolet omnis, & ætas:
Quem fera mors rapuit, natio Scota luit.
5 Pridem terra ferax, gens martia natio verax,
Perdiderat gratum, quem tenuere ſtatum.
6 Duro conflictu, fortunæ mobilis ictu,
Sunt in deterius, verſa beata prius.
7 Sub juga veniſti, quæ victrix ante fuiſti:
Advena ſceptra gerit, quæ velit enſe terit.
8 Anglorum nati, nec vi, nec more probati,
Væ tibi quod ſolo, preda fuere dolo.
9 Gens invincibilis, gens fortis, genſque virilis
Succubuit fatis, res miſeranda ſatis.
10 Gloria Scotorum, vernans ætate priorum:
Vel tantæ cladis, obtenebrata cadis.
11 Ecce repentinæ, ſunt hujus cauſa ruinæ,
Contemptus fidei, fraus, dolus, ira Dei.
12 Rerum cæcus amor, inopum oppreſsio clamor
Iugis, plebs retegens natio legis egens.
13 Faſtus majorum, vitiorum cauſa priorum,
Peccati fomes legis inepta comes.
14 Hunc cecinere ſtatum, veterum preſagia vatum
Singula vovere, quæ cecinere fere.
15 Scandala terrores, plagas, varioſque dolores,
Ex ſerie fati, Scotia diſce pati.

Gens

The old Scottish Prophecies.

1 SCotland *be ſad now, & lament, thy child whō thou hes loſt*
Bereft of Kings falſely vndone, by thy own kindlie hoſt.

2 *Alace the free bond is become, and deceit is thy fall,*
The falſhood of the brutiſh race, hes broght thee into thrall.

3 *The graue of the moſt noble Prince, to all is great regrate,*
Noght ſubiect to law, who doth leaue, the kingdom & eſtate

4 *O anguiſh great, where euery kind and age doeth lament,*
Whom bitter death hes tane away, ſhall Scotland ſore repent

5 *Latelie a land of rich increaſe, a Nation ſtout and true,*
Hes tint their former dear eſtate, which they did hold of due.

6 *By hard conflict, and by the chance, of mobile fortuns force,*
Thy hap and thy proſperitie, is turned into worſe.

7 *Thou wont to win, now is ſubdewd, and come in vnder yoke*
A ſtrāger reigns & doth deſtroy, what likes with ſwords ſtrok

8 *The Engliſh race whom neither force, nor maners do approue*
Wo is to thee, by guile and ſlight, is onelie win aboue.

9 *The mightie Nation was to fore, invincible and ſtout,*
Hes yeelded low to deſtinie, great pitie is but doubt.

10 *In former age the Scots renown did flouriſh goodlie gay:*
But now alace is ouercled with a great darke decay.

11 *Then mark and ſee what is the cauſe, of this ſo wondrous fall*
Contempt of faith, falſhood deceit, the wrath of God withal

12 *Vnſaciable greed of worlds gaine oppreſsion cryes of poore,*
Perpetuall a ſlanderous race, no iuſtice put in vre.

13 *The hautie pride of mighty men of former vice chiefe cauſe*
The nurriture of wickedneſſe, an vniuſt match of Lawes.

14 *Therefore this caſe ye Prophets old of long time did preſage*
As now hes hapned euery point into this preſent age.

15 *Sen fate is ſo, now Scotland learne in patience to abide,*
Slanders, great feares, & ſudden plagues, & dolors mo beſide.

For

Priscae Scotorum Prophetiae.

16 Gens ſurget ex te diverſa proſperitate,
Vix poterunt ſcribi, damna futura tibi.
17 Sed ne deſperes, quæ tantis luctibus heres,
Non eſt perpetua plaga futura tua.
18 Credo licet ſera, veterum præſagia vera:
In bonitate Dei, ſit tibi cura ſpei.
19 Nam quæ tot pateris, quæ jam captiva videris,
Tandem ſolveris, imperialis eris.
20 Deſuper eveniet tibi virtus, Scotia fiet
Vltima proſperior, quam tua vita prior.
21 Promittunt veteres, quod erit tibi bellicus hæres,
Qui ſua Iura novans, Regna juvabit ovans.
22 Stragibus immenſis, ſudabit Scoticus enſis,
Rex perdet cunctos vltor ubique reos.
23 Irruet Angligena per eum gens, non ſine pena
Enſe, ſiti, fletu, peſte, tremore, metu.
24 Hoſtibus afflictis, ſtratis, per prælia victis,
Scotia tuque tui, placida pace frui.

Alia Prophetia.

Cum fuerint anni completi mille ducenti,
Et tricenteni fuerint in numero pleni
Bis ſex & ſeni veniunt ab equore Rheni,
Tunc ruet Anglorum mala gens, & ſemen eorum.

Alia Prophetia.

Anglia te perdet tua gens quam quilibet odit,
Te circumfodit gens Gallica, Scotia rodit.
Gallia mutetur, Ibernia inſidietur,
Vix poſſunt ſcribi, damna futura tibi.

16 *For out of thee ſhall people riſe, with diuerſe happineſſe,*
And yet a pen can ſcarcely write, thy hurt ſkaith & diſtres.
17 *But yet beware thou not diſtruſt, althogh ouerwhelmd with*
Thy ſtraik is not perpetuall, for thou ſhalt find relief. (grief
18 *I do ſuppone althogh too late, old Prophecies ſhall hold,*
Hope thou in Gods goodnes euer, and mercies manifold,
19 *For thou that now a patient is, and ſeemeth to be bond,*
At libertie ſhall free be ſet, and with empyre renowmd.
20 *Frō high aboue ſhal grace come down, & thy ſtate Scotlād be*
In latter end more prosperous, nor former age did ſee.
21 *Old prophecies foretell to thee, a warlike Heire bees borne,*
Who ſhal recouer new his right, aduance his kingdoms horn
22 *Then ſhall the Scots ſword ſweat with blood, and ſlaughter*
which they make:
The King himſelf reuenger ſhall the guilty troups down wrack
23 *The Engliſh Nation ſhal inuade but not eſcape a plague,*
With ſword, with thirſt, with teares and peſt, with feare,
and ſuchlike ague.
24 *And after enemies bees tbrown down, & maſtered by weir*
Then Scotland in peace quietly, paſſe ioyful dayes for euer.

When HEMPE is come and alſo gone,
SCOTLAND & ENGLAND ſhall be all one.

K	K	Q	K	Q
HENRY	EDWARD	MARIE	PHILIP	ELIZABETH
the 8.	the 6.		of Spain M. huſb.	

H E M P E

Praiſed be God alon, for HEMPE is cum & gon
And left vs old *Albion*, by peace joyned in one.

Alia

Priscae Scotorum Prophetiae.

Alia Prophetia.

Flan, fran, conſurgent, Hiſpani viribus urgent,
Dani diſpergent, Almani limina lingent,
Sco devaſtabit, tunc Gallia arma parabit,
Et cum hoc fuerit Anglica gens periet.

Alia Prophetia.

Poſt Iacobū, Iacobos, Iacobū, Iacobus quoque quintus
Et filius Daci Regno regnabit utroque.

Alia Prophetia.

Milleſimus ſexcenteſimus mirabilis annus
Ternus erit, Scotis commoda magna ferens:
Ortus & interitus Regum fatalis, & idem
Anglorum ad Scotum transferet Imperium.

Alia Prophetia de Cathedra Marmorea.

Ni fallat fatum, Scoti quocunque locatum
Invenient lapidem, regnare tenentur ibidem.

Laus IOVAE, variæque hæres, hæres & Eliſæ,
Namq. abeunt, tibi at adveniunt, ſine ſanguine regna.

FINIS.

Line

Page 3.

Tempore patet occulta veritas.
By time appeareth hid Trueth.

1. Merling ſayes
2. althogh
3. ſeuenth Chapter
5. Calualider
6. vinqueſt
7. ferlies
9. Sun
10. to the Sky
13. ſhedding
15. dayes
16. Boare . . . ſhal loſe
20. And to the firth
24. comes home
27. off their heads

Page 4.

2. his heart,
4. brewed in bleſſe . . . to baill
6. die in allen
7. There ſhall
8. But in a
9. ſhall be called
11. hearts
14. death of theſe
15. ſhall be ſeene
20. clum to the height
21. He couets not
22. Grape wald
23. giftes
24. Come it once
27. his combe
29. haue rounded
32. great beere

Line

Page 5.

2. up a weare,
4. lowping on
5. full neare
7. the Abbies
10. There dare
25. far forreſt . . . build
27. fiercely

Page 6.

2. Church bees troubled
4. Balcolmy
6. Balengers, and many a broad ſaile
7. 3 Libberts
8. come far out of
10. [this line is omitted in Hart's edition.]
12. on either
14. Dumbartan
29. the Moone into

Page 7.

4. Boare
6. ſtarre
7. Boare . . . Beirnes
9. the price
16. When they meet
18. and not purſued
23. low to abide.
27. for dread of
30. When were men

Page 8.

2. The ſonnes of God
3. therefore
7. many dayes after

Line
10. Barlingtons bookes
11. that much meruels
13. them, a Lord melles,
15. The dead man
18. riſe in the land
20. haue choſen'
22. haue choſen
29. armes bure.

Page 9.
3. buried that he be.
5. the Summer & the ſad
6. a harueſt
8. earneſtly enuy
9. luſtis flowres,
15. Aliers
19. byde
22. leind
23. leider
24. ſhall leaue
25. ſtreims
27. and ſtire

Page 10.
3. By then the Lillie ſhall be
6. And carue off
8. Eagle
14. freit that
18. feates
22. their beſt
26. check

Page 11.
6. liſten for euer
14. foote broad of ground
17. thy ſelf
20. Lyoneſſe,
22. Saint Andrewes
23. haue told,
25. ceaſe in that ſeat
31. wakned
32. but I wiſt it noght

Page 12.
3. fellon face

Line
7. bound
8. vther
18. helpe to
20. hie thee . . . Hailles and cloſe thee
21. Then ſhal
24. ſtone on ground be thee left:
26. There . . . goate with a gilden horne
28. Peeres in
31. All the groomes ſhall grouch by

Page 13.
1. bych on
2. fal by
4. ſhal brue in
9. heir-ſhip
14. Dumbartane
15. conquerer . . . kynd
16. Brittane
18. By the coſt
21. He hath
28. but fret or true
30. the Wals,

Page 14.
3. . . . Berlington
5. Plain
6. ſeene through a Sluethhound
9. a Back with
10. ſlouthfull Sluethhound
11. and traine ſhall be
15. Hailes
16. the wind &
18. thy hold
21. in Prelates ſaying
24. holden for good
29. ſinne forethinke, and miſſe

Page 15.
1. Tamptallon
7. out as a leafe,
9. fleemed
10. the ſea:
14. hempen helters
17. thee boun,
18. And at his

Line

19. deale both
20. His gift . . . euermore
23. Croce
26. not know where
27. Many a wife ſhal weepe and Syce
28. The dead
31. hye thee Pope

Page 16.

6. & 8. coat houſe
10. rayment
11. And attour Forth kenely
13. fade him for euer
16. birds farre
19. a faire many
20. the Eagle
25. with a Ladie
30. The French Queene
31. Shall rule all Brittaine
32. Ane from . . . ſhall come alſo

Page 17.

5. your glaiding
10. the Ladies lads wed
19. our mirthes augment
21. ſhall brooke all the broad Ile

Page 18.

4. beſide a Ley
5. bairne upon the bent
7. him wholly
8. your wils be
12. liue in lee
16. upon a Ley
18. on their
19. clad in
22. Dragon ſheene,
23. He ſtirde . . . were wood,

Page 19.

6. where as ſhe fure
11. wer both
12. A ſide ſaddle
30. Knights then did they ſay

Line

Page 20.

2. haſt the right
4. wrangous heires
5. wayes
8. tydings by
10. Then ſhewed

Page 21.

1. Beares . . . red Lyon,
2. red gold
21. the field he
24. turne you againe
25. theſe . . . a frey
28. falſet
29. And loudlie
31. the battell bide

Page 22.

3. the heart in
5. one houre
6. the Knight
11. Lyon dee,
19. as blood
21. ferly food

Page 23.

1. Northerne
3. eight
8. their bairnes bide
9. no reck who
16. Set in gold
17. Egle
19. beares Loſanes
20. gold and goules
25. Unfaine
29. Eagle
30. hearts heads

Page 24.

1. With fiftie fiue
3. Carlill . . . be deene,
5. there ſhall
7. There . . . Beare . . . loſe the guilt
9. men cals
10. there ouer lies

Line
11. Beares
15. hath bene
16. beſt he be,
17. Gotten betweene
18. And a Knight
20. The red Lyon beareth he
22. And be right glad to be away
32. Woe worth thee

Page 25.

2. doughtie dight
13. One Crowne
15. were away
17. Bairne could I ſay
21. A French Queene
23. Which of the Bruces
27. In Erflingtoun,

Page 26.

1. London
3. medecine
4. maladie that
5. well to ſleepe,
7. layed downe . . . eyes,
9. be warre and me keepe
10. dries:
11. I ſtoniſht ſtood,
12. And me ſaued on
14. hirſel on hie
15. wholly there was,
17. fearce beaſt,
18. all madde
23. As him fold
25. ſundered away
26. griuily
27. Gerret
28. and ſtenſht me ſore
29. wapen
30. I ſwat
32. me meete to make,

Page 27.

3. I but bait
4. groſling . . . gratiouſly
9. but I ſtill held

Line
10. him by
11. he ſhould ſhew . . . and kin,
14. Would thou haue wit that wel hath
15. thus wroght ſhould be
16. reft thee beſide
21. But by the Law and leede that I
24. meruile of face and
28. I framed
30. what him ailed
32. gray eyes ſuddenly

Page 28.

3. wanton will and
5. of my ſinnes
6. Hath this
12. as I wote
16. Then frained I fiercely of this friuole world
17. to be of warre
18. ſhould well us
20. If there are fruits . . . ſo much is,
25. All through Oggert and Eaſt, Elumis Knight,
26. hath much baile tholed
28. foreneſſe ſet
29. under ſaile found
32. Eeryans

Page 29.

12. noght els,
14. ſo fell hath
16. lippens
17. Linſday
20. alleadge to the leed
21. Leaue nought
23. incloſe to his Crowne
27. in by all
30. day coming,
31. euermore, the old

Page 30.

1. ſhal he deſtroy,
2. Thou ſhalt be weſted
4. a brock
6. bouers, & beir them down

Line
8. thee role,
12. Roſden
15. naught
18. trace as truſt thou no vther
26. Thy billes is
31. There will no

Page 31.

1. For hope
3. myrſnype
4. hath Manſtone mooued
11. feare that in farre
12. Both his feddering
15. ſtraight place
16. yairn
17. Straberries
19. thee before:
28. the lots leape
30. doe weill

Page 32.

7. Chriſtian
9. Dumbartan the bold
13. Law ſhall the leaue take
16. And mantle the craig
19. Be flitted
20. Dumbartan
22. fourteene
23. yapely
24. Carrick
25. Cumnock
26. coſt cleuers
27. an Elfe
28. get out their Maires
29. teene all the ſhaues
30. From Tyne mouth to Tulry
31. goaſe-Halke ... grieue

Page 33.

1. In a gaw
2. fulzie with the tods and the terſeſall,
3. France,
6. bargan
7. All is it ... bags bene ript
10. That would reaue

Line
11. ſhall a Tower beild:
12. Crawdon hes euer
13. Buck is but
22. that ſtirs
26. himſelfe likes
27. no gaining them
28. Grayhound, and grieue
29. And buffet ... then bite
31. more man
32. ſtudied and ſtood, and him held

Page 34.

2. But I could rather him frame
3. freikon this fold
4. if we wiſt ought
8. weines on Waldhaue
11. giues that grace
13. [This line is omitted in Hart's edition.]
15. Muſe on if thou may,
16. Thou ſinnes as thou fraines friend
19. Waldhaue
22. ſuth I heard,
23. ſieges vnſoond
26. brime beaſtes ſhilde

Page 35.

1. The third Bull
4. reatous beaſts,
8. ſhall be cumdred thereof
10. he is hier
13. Louthian and Linlithgow
14. Glaſgow
19. fey woorth
21. proud ſhowes,
23. Then Chiftane vnchoſen
24. And rid
25. ſhall the Wailes worthily
27. Scots ... ſkaile them
30. They were failed

Page 36.

1. wrongs wroght
2. When dead
3. flat on the face,

Line
8. The ſixt of Ireland
13. counſel
14. are ſit
16. werpes with
20. Enter vp at a ſide
22. deare men
25. ſubtilly ſold

Page 37.

3. riotous
5. ſtirre
7. Torin
9. Within
12. Lordſhips
21. vengin
23. Siryans
24. When ſhe
27. true
29. couetice
31. beguile

Page 38.

1. deceit
3. haue one girth
7. true token
8. the Hair ſhall
12. looſe
13. falſehood . . . Sieges
14. warrand, and that the cure wan
15. Sieges
18. Dumbartan
20. Dumbar when ſhall Hailes halt
25. falſehood is readie
28. lucken . . . dayes
29. Subtilly . . . many another
30. many let . . . their life looſe

Page 39.

1. their hands
2. warre
3. warre
4. mourne
7. eke foorth the dayes
9. looſe
13. meane . . . their merie

Line
15. bide . . . eyes
18. brieued
23. their deare
24. their ſorrou
25. chiefe
27. is away to paſſe
32. bleſſe keepe,

Page 40.

2. Freedome
4. coaſt
7. I ſtudied
9. when I awoke
11. Brieued . . . breſt
12. Bleſſed . . . brieuer
16. leif thoght
17. [" The Scottes Prophecie in Latine," is, in Hart's edition, transferred to the title-sheet, where it is accompanied with a translation. See the reprint, pages 60—63.]
26. gravis

Page 41.

3. Sunt id deterius
7. ſolo, preda fuere dolo.
8. Gens invincibilis
11. Vel tantæ
19. Singula vovere,
26. præſagia
28. captiva,
29. ſolveris
30. eveniet

Page 42.

3. cunctos vltor ubique
11. veniunt
15. circumfodit
19. urgent
20. Dani diſpergent, Almani limina
21. Sco devaſtabit,
24. Poſt Iacobum, Iacobos, Iacobum Iacobus quoque quintus
25. Et filius Daci

Line

Page 43.

1. and will hes
2. Paſtures are plucked and pild but pitie
4. Paſtures
6. their clothing
8. their . . . their
9. Peacock
10. the Religion and their
12. rue right
13. Grahound grieued
14. And trampled
18. warre
19, 20. mourne
21. hirple
22. thou ſpake it
23. barret
25. Barwick
26. trewes
27. headleſſe
30. moouers thereof ſhall mone

Page 44.

4. were wroght,
12. ſhal roare
15. Cock . . . thogh
18. lieue or loath
20. couetous that cumbred
22. Eldoun
26. Heremite

Page 45.

4. vnſtable
5. Sibilla
7. gilded
9. lifts for
13. trueth
15. Thogh
29. Lowthian

Page 46.

2. Modewart,
5. a lace,
6. Lowthian
12. in ſcope,

Line

13. Forth
19. Tyed
20. with a viſala fine
22. two ſhips
28. Cock
30. broile
31. toile,

Page 7.

2. battels
5. Approching
12. tiend
13. bleſſe
15. hatred heart
24. reigne

Page 48.

1. Prophecie
2. by a . . . Sibilla
5. K. Sol.
8. Britain in the which ſhe
10. Leones, how theſe two
12. bee glorified
18. Britaine.
22. fragility
24. hee ſhall bee
28. friends

Page 49.

1. by the which he
2. line . . . bee
3. chiftan
9. by the help
14. joye
16. Lillie and Flowredeluce
25. well of this
27, 28. Moldewart
29. vengeance
31. foorth

Page 50.

1. Moldewarte
3. of this Realme,
7. and die by aduenture
8. flood of

Line
12. repleet ... abomination
13. diuide
18. tributers
19. wholly ... ſpouſe of
21. their ... their
23. dayes
24. ſpouſe
26. ſpecialle ... ſpouſe
28. ſafegard:
29. their dolour
30. Britaine
31. their
32. women

Page 51.

2. Owle, the Boare
3. Eagle
4. counſel

Line
5. degenerat
6. friends
11. that the Buck
17. Sun ſhall
20. for the ſtedfaſt
21. keepe ... their
22. but the Unicorne
23. Rauen
24. do by the ſea, and vnder
25. Cock
28. their trace
29. heede
30. their deſires
31. Caſtels

Page 52.

5, 6. woe be to them that no pitie
7, 8. and ſtrike.